THE Nation

August 9, 1952

SPAIN

TOURIST PARADISE

Spain Revisited

Roland D. Hussey

Justice in Barcelona

David Widdicombe

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Fish and Concrete

Portland, Oregon

CIVILIZATION and fish don't mix," said the hawk-faced forest ranger who stood with me beside a roaring stream in a narrow mountain canyon. Sentimental affection for the vanishing wilderness is strong in people of the Northwest, even though the federal government has built up pay rolls and added to taxable wealth by thrusting power dams across white-spumed rivers. Thoreau has perhaps more followers here than Edison.

The encroachment of industry is epitomized by the diminution of the salmon runs. The great pink-fleshed Chinook provided food for Lewis and Clark when they came with the flag. Men packed salmon in the region long before they whipsawed lumber. True, the immense dams have made possible a light-metals industry fifty times more valuable than the salmon canneries, but many people are deeply troubled to think that the fighting fish with checkered scales can no longer thrash unimpeded up the rivers to the gravelly spawning beds. That the fish runs continue at all is due to the ladders—huge watery staircases—which have been constructed with care and skill by the dam-builders. The fish equipment at Bonneville Dam alone cost $7,200,000. But despite the precautions taken, some part of the American heritage was lost when steel and concrete sealed off the great rivers' headwaters from the sea.

In the fight to safeguard the scenery and wild life of the region conservative politicans at first supported the nature lovers, but now they have abandoned the cause. The situation has changed: formerly only the United States government wanted to build power dams; today the most zealous applicant for a permit from the Federal Power Commission is the Portland General Electric Company, the largest private-utility corporation in Oregon. This company hopes to wedge a $22,700,000 dam into the lava gorge of the Deschutes River.

The Deschutes, foaming off the snowfields of the Cascade Range, is one of the lush fishing streams of the nation. Rainbow trout lurk in its riffles. Chinook salmon surge upstream in April and May. It was in the mouth of the Deschutes that a visitor named Dwight Griswold, then Governor of Nebraska, caught the biggest steelhead trout ever hooked on light tackle—over twenty-eight pounds. Men have journeyed from the far reaches of the country to drop a dry fly in the river. The Izaak Walton League asserts that the Pelton Dam, as the power-company project would be called, threatens all the fish in the Deschutes.

The Federal Power Commission has approved the Pelton Dam, but the decision is in abeyance pending an appeal to the courts by the Oregon Fish Commission. The Portland *Oregonian* contends that the FPC has no jurisdiction over "the use of waters in a non-navigable stream wholly within the state's borders." The Bonneville Power Administration believes the utility company should be permitted to go ahead. The Fish and Wildlife Service, likewise an arm of the Interior Department, demands that the Deschutes be left free and clear for restoration of salmon migrations.

A BILL introduced in the Oregon legislature reserving for recreation and wild life the waters of the Deschutes and its tributary, the Metolius, failed in the House of Representatives, forty to nineteen, after the power company had lobbied against it. Legislators who had shed copious tears over the fate of fish blocked from their spawning grounds by federal dams suddenly decided that they had no objections to a private-utility dam across the Deschutes.

Oregon's Republican Governor, Douglas McKay, does not favor Ice Harbor Dam on the Snake River, which would be a federal-government project, but has said nothing against Pelton Dam. The two are equally feared by fish people. No river is ever helped for fish propagation by high-parapet dams. Even if adult trout and salmon can successfully negotiate fish ladders, thousands of fingerlings are killed in penstocks and spillways on their way to the sea.

When President Roosevelt first proposed federal dams on the Columbia, the utility companies encouraged the protests of the owners of salmon trawlers, who saw their livelihood imperiled, and of the proprietors of inns and lodges with a direct financial stake in fishing as a sport for tourists. The Pelton Dam controversy has revealed the hypocrisy of the private utilities. And the worst of it is that the power companies have picked one of the West's finest trout streams to desecrate. The Portland General Electric Company, moreover, plans to build not one barrier but two; the $37,250,000 Round Butte Dam will be eight miles upstream from the Pelton site.

Respect for fishing and scenic values has never been characteristic of the power companies of the Northwest. Ted Trueblood, a writer on outdoor topics for many magazines, declared recently in *Statewide*, an Idaho periodical: "All of the Idaho Power Company dams in the Snake River have been destructive of wildlife, due to the daily fluctuation of the water level or blocking the migration of fish, and none has provided any fishing to make up for it."

In 1889 Rudyard Kipling waded out into the Clackamas, which flows down from the ice cap of Mount Hood through the Oregon fir forests. He caught nine Chinook salmon that memorable afternoon and wrote to his friends in India, "I have lived!" If Kipling were to return to the Clackamas today, he would be bitterly disappointed. Listen to the words of the Fish and Wildlife Service: "Upon the construction of the River Mill Dam [in the Clackamas] in 1911 the upstream-bound salmon were quite effectively blocked. . . . Today only a fraction of the previous large run remains. This destruction of an important segment of the Columbia River salmon fishery may be attributed almost entirely to a failure to provide adequate fishways."

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

[An Oregon state senator and well-known journalist, Mr. Neuberger was one of five senate sponsors of the bill which sought to preserve the Deschutes River for recreation and wild life.]

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

Sparkman's "Liberalism"

Though many liberal commentators have spoken up in defense of the "liberalism" of Senator John J. Sparkman, his nomination for the Vice-Presidency will not make it easy for the Democrats to win the support of the Negro minority in November. On civil rights, the chief stock in trade of many Northern liberals, Sparkman has a record which is not to be distinguished from that of Senators Eastland, Byrd, Ellender, or any of the Dixiecrats. In his ten years in Congress, Senator Sparkman has had sixteen opportunities to vote on civil-rights measures, and sixteen times he has voted with the Dixiecrats. He has opposed cloture, measures to prohibit segregation in the armed forces and in public housing, and federal aid to education; he has consistently voted against anti-lynching and anti-poll-tax bills. Nor has he always been liberal on other issues. He voted for the Taft-Hartley act, for appropriations for the House Un-American Activities Committee, for Rankin's whitewash of the Veterans' Administration, against portal-to-portal pay, and against unemployment compensation for war workers. He voted to pass the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill over Roosevelt's veto and to drop 750,000 workers from the social-security rolls.

An End to Double-Talk

If the nomination of Sparkman was a slap in the face for Negro voters, it was given a special sting by the dishonest attempt to induce Negroes to accept him as something he is not and to justify his record on the ground that, after all, a Southern liberal must hedge on civil-rights measures. But Maury Maverick, a Texan, regularly voted for anti-lynching legislation in the 1930's, when there was less support for such measures in the South than there is today. And Senator Estes Kefauver voted to uphold Barkley's crucial ruling on cloture in 1949 and consistently supported anti-poll-tax legislation. Other Southern politicians of courage and understanding have managed, every now and then, to defy regional provincialism and cast a vote for decency in human relations, but Sparkman has no such votes to his credit.

It may have been possible to take a charitable view of the double-talk of Senators Hill and Sparkman when they were facing violent race-baiters in reelection campaigns, but another standard must be invoked when one of them aspires to the Vice-Presidency. In a national campaign the kind of equivocation in which both men have specialized is not only morally indefensible but politically obsolete. Senator Hill could boast, as he did in 1950, that he makes one kind of speech in Alabama and another in Washington (New York *Times,* April 15, 1950), but his colleague will not be appealing to a schizophrenic electorate in November. The only way the Democrats can hope to offset Sparkman's civil-rights record is to induce the Senator to repudiate it. And in Governor Stevenson's phrase, the repudiation must be without contradiction, equivocation, or evasion.

Too Much Unanimity?

Last week the President, in a small room in a Kansas City hotel, signed the agreements calling for the emergence of West Germany among the family of nations. He made no more fuss over signing the historic documents than had the Senate in approving them after a purely *pro forma* debate a month ago. But events continue to indicate that our own official unanimity on German policy is not shared by our Western allies, who live some 3,000 miles closer to the initial battleground of the next war, if and when it comes.

Just before Truman uncapped his pen in Kansas City, the British Parliament approved the same agreements, but only after prolonged debate and the break-up of a bi-partisanship in foreign policy which had lasted twelve years. The Labor Party, which had held a caucus on the subject on July 16, voted almost solidly in opposition. The caucus almost cost Clement Attlee his party leadership; a Bevan motion calling for four-power talks and German elections before German rearmament was lost by only six votes. Even so, as a result of the caucus, the Laborites are today on record as demanding that German elections and rearmament of other Western powers should be given priority over German remilitarization.

Two more parliaments must yet sign the agreements to bring them into effect: the French and West German. In both countries the demand for an immediate four-power conference is even stronger than it is in Britain. And over and above the question of ratification is the practical question of implementation, involving a whole complex of political and military issues. Britain, for financial reasons, has for the second time slowed down

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its own rearmament plan; France is insisting that we pick up a bigger share of the check for its contribution to the West's defense. When the showdown comes, how far will either country permit West Germany to outstrip it in rearmament?

It almost seems as though our foreign policy could do with a little less unanimity at home and a little more of it abroad.

Record of the "Worst Senator"

The Wisconsin Citizens' Committee on McCarthy's Record, a non-partisan group, has just issued a carefully documented 134-page indictment of the Senator from Wisconsin. Only the most conservative sources are cited, and the editor, Morris H. Rubin, has wisely avoided even the appearance of special pleading. Rated by a poll of correspondents as "the worst Senator" in Washington, a conclusion indorsed by the American Political Science Association, McCarthy here stands arraigned on a dozen or more counts which, if taken together, would warrant his ouster from the Senate: unethical conduct as a judge; acceptance of $10,000 from Lustron; filing income-tax returns that balance but mystify; making charges against government officials based solely on stale gossip and discredited rumors; using "the big lie" technique in the disreputable campaign to unseat Senator Tydings; slandering George C. Marshall, and so on. The most damning count of all, perhaps, is omitted from this indictment—the impact of McCarthyism on constitutional freedoms.

In support of its various charges the document quotes such diverse sources as the Wisconsin Supreme Court, the late Henry L. Stimson, the senior vice-commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, *Time-Life-Fortune*, the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Commonweal*, the New York *Times*, *America*, the *Christian Century*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Collier's*, the Toledo *Blade*, the Denver *Post*, the St. Paul *Dispatch*, and two of General Eisenhower's most important backers, Senator James H. Duff and Governor Earl Warren. (The blistering comments of President Truman have been tactfully omitted.)

Few figures in American political life have been condemned by a more impressive array of individuals and publications. Tom Coleman, Senator Taft, and the *Freeman* seem to be about the only hold-outs.

Wisconsin Must Judge

Publication of the McCarthy record (copies can be obtained at $1 each from the committee's headquarters, 409 N. Frances Street, Madison, Wisconsin), raises some interesting questions. With the possible exception of the late Theodore Bilbo, it is doubtful whether any incumbent United States Senator has ever had to face a more severe indictment than the one McCarthy must now

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answer; even before its publication, the Milwaukee *Journal* and Madison *Capital-Times* had focused powerful spotlights on McCarthy's career. Considering that in the matter of good government and progressive legislation Wisconsin has long ranked high on the list of American states, what inferences must be drawn if the voters of Wisconsin now return him to the Senate? Upon what fears does the man play to be able to induce the people of this progressive state to set aside such an impressive indictment?

It is now up to the voters of Wisconsin to convince the rest of us that they can distinguish between the values on which the American tradition rests and the counterfeit version of these values peddled by the medicine man from Appleton. The same issue has laid siege to the conscience of General Eisenhower: will he continue "to walk with the devil" or will he repudiate him?

A Loss to Journalism

Anatole France once said that the greatest prejudice of all was the pretension of non-prejudice. Of this pretension Tom O'Connor, managing Editor of New York's left-liberal daily, the *Compass,* who died the other day at his desk, was guiltless. He flaunted his prejudices; he devoted his professional life to letting people know that on certain questions, such as racial equality, the rights of the working man, the aspirations of the underprivileged, he brooked no debate on basic issues. He was a sensitive and vivid writer, and his prejudices lent passion to his work. Many of his friends were long ago convinced that he could have achieved notable success working in fields other than leftist journalism. But perhaps O'Connor knew himself better than did his friends; perhaps he knew that, divorced from his real interests, his talents would have withered. He was by instinct a crusader, and it is because there are so few like him today that his death, at the age of thirty-seven, represents so great a loss to American journalism.

Brien McMahon

The death of Brien McMahon removes from the Senate a brave spokesman for a revitalized foreign policy which would place less emphasis on armaments and more on reconstruction, less emphasis on threats and more on trying to remove the sources of East-West tension.

Senator McMahon voted for heavy armaments, for the North Atlantic Treaty, for other key parts of the Administration's policy, but repeatedly he issued warnings that armaments and treaties were not enough. Does the Senate realize, he asked in 1950, that the weapons with which we menace others may be turned against us, that we are talking of things that might "incinerate fifty million Americans in the space of minutes?"

His criticism of Secretary Acheson was not the preposterous charge that Acheson was "too soft" toward communism but that the Secretary was so hardened in a single policy—to rearm in order to negotiate from "situations of strength"—that he could think of nothing else. McMahon in 1950 proposed a "global Marshall plan" involving fifty-billion dollars spent across a five-year period to help all peoples—including the Russians—to revive agriculture, improve transportation systems, modernize industry, and turn men's minds toward the arts of peace rather than the engines of war. The State Department treated the program with contempt, but McMahon continued his efforts. Let us try to persuade the Soviets, he urged last year, that we mean peace, not war; let us hammer it home continually.

The Atomic Energy Act, establishing civilian control of the development of atomic energy for both arms and peace-time uses is McMahon's monument. His creative views on foreign policy were no less valuable, and it is a pity that he will be missing from the Senate next year, when, under a new Administration, he might have helped evolve a fresh approach.

The Fallbrook Story

A thirty-minute documentary film—narration by Cecil B. De Mille—had its premier in the town of Fallbrook in Southern California recently. Lieutenant Governor Goodwin J. Knight and other notables were on hand for the showing of "The Fallbrook Story," which according to the Los Angeles *Times* depicts the heroic struggle of 14,000 farmers to prevent a gigantic "water grab" by the federal government.

Seldom have Southern California publicists, who have a style all their own, succeeded in making a bigger mountain out of a smaller molehill. In the first place, the number of defendants is approximately 1,750, not 14,000. In the second place, the federal government has merely brought an ordinary title action to determine water rights in the Santa Margarita River valley after purchasing certain lands in the area. This is the suit which the *Reader's Digest,* under the title Washington Tyranny: Another Case Study, describes in a manner to suggest that the government is taking the last drop of water from 14,000 farmers and heaven knows how many avocado trees. The *Saturday Evening Post* deals with the case under the heading The Government's Big Grab. Now comes "The Fallbrook Story," which is being flown to Washington to be shown to Senators and Representatives who, given the Washington heat and the political tensions of August, will doubtless be prostrated by this latest version of Eliza fleeing from the sheriff and the bloodhounds.

The film is supposed to demonstrate that "the people, aided by the free press, can defeat non-elective bureau-

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crats who seek to usurp the powers of government and oppress ordinary citizens." It would be fascinating to see a list of the "ordinary citizens" who financed this extraordinary campaign to malign an agency of the federal government.

Bargaining With Franco

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN THE end Franco may get his price from the State and Defense departments. The prevailing conviction that Spain has superior strategic advantages as a Mediterranean base may finally overcome Washington's reluctance to accept it as an ally co-equal with the other Western European countries. But for the moment Franco's pretensions seem to be greater than his bargaining power. The latest reports from Madrid and Washington confirm what *The Nation* has been saying ever since the late Admiral Sherman talked to Spain's dictator a year ago: that Franco is engaged in a major hold-up operation against this country. His tactics are not new. A glance at his war-time record—fully revealed in State Department publications—shows many curious similarities between his present dealings with Washington and his earlier ones with his Axis partners. In both cases he professed all-out devotion to the common objectives —Hitler's after 1940, Washington's today—while demanding a big price for services frugally conceived and vaguely defined. As a result in World War II, while he sacrificed little, he got less than he demanded from his tough allies.

Today he is playing the same sort of hand, with perhaps better reason to expect success. He has been so extravagantly courted by American politicians and military men that he can be excused if he has come to imagine himself our favorite ally—far more dependable than France and Britain, with their inefficient democratic habits, their contending parties and points of views, and the neutralism and downright aversion to war of a large part of their populations. If he gauges his position by what Senator McCarran says to Ambassador Lequerica in the Spanish embassy in Washington, he must feel he can name his price. From this point of view his price is, in fact, moderate. What he wants is Spain's inclusion in the mutual-security program on equal terms with the other countries receiving aid and a formal agreement guaranteeing immediate American military assistance in case of a Soviet attack. He also wants financial aid sufficient to lift his regime out of bankruptcy and a free hand in dispensing it. He clearly believes his needs should be given priority; and why not, since obviously Spain is in a worse plight and its war preparations far behind those of France. Until these matters are settled, Franco is not likely to be hurried into commitments on air or naval bases, especially when his generals are said to feel particularly strongly on the subject of equality.

So far the American negotiators remain hard to sell. For what Washington is seeking, in spite of all the soft soap used on Franco, is a limited deal: dollars to be spent on specific improvements in communications, airfields, ports, and other facilities in return for the use of those facilities in case of war. Anything like a blank check is not in the picture. Not yet, at least. Apart from other considerations there are our allies to think about; it is not hard to imagine the effect upon France, at this moment asking for more than three times the amount in American defense contracts that it has been granted, if Franco's terms were to be met. There is also a clear realization in Washington of the yawning gulf represented by Spain's needs and its inefficient, corrupt, tyrannical government. The facts reported by the United States economic mission that accompanied our military mission to Spain last year substantiated the stories which have been sent out since the war by honest correspondents of all political shades. This issue of *The Nation* prints some recent contributions to the documentation, reminding us again through word and sardonic sketch of the nature of the regime to which we are committing dollars and arms.

People who pretend to judge American foreign policy in purely strategic terms are fond of likening our relations with Franco to those with Tito: two dictators, one Communist and one Fascist, but both necessary for the containment of Soviet power. The similarity is strictly superficial. Tito's Yugoslavia fought with unmatched courage and terrible losses on the Allied side in a war not yet expunged from our histories; today its army is large, well trained, and well led. Its government is energetic and full of zeal for the development of the country and the defense of its borders. To compare Yugoslavia with Franco's ramshackle regime, shorn of its axis but otherwise unchanged and unregenerate, is to put the Spanish dictatorship in an even worse light than when judged by itself. In terms of practical value, we believe our government is engaged in a bargaining operation out of which it will get little for its money.

"Cultural Attrition"

How are American music, opera, and the stage faring in these times of fabulous public expenditures on everything except culture? In next week's *Nation* Dr. Herbert Graf, stage director of the Metropolitan Opera Association and author of "Opera for the People," will discuss the state of American opera. In subsequent issues John H. Mueller, author of "The History of the American Symphony Orchestra," will deal with the American symphony, and Hallie Flanagan Davis, director of the Smith College Theater, will discuss the stage.

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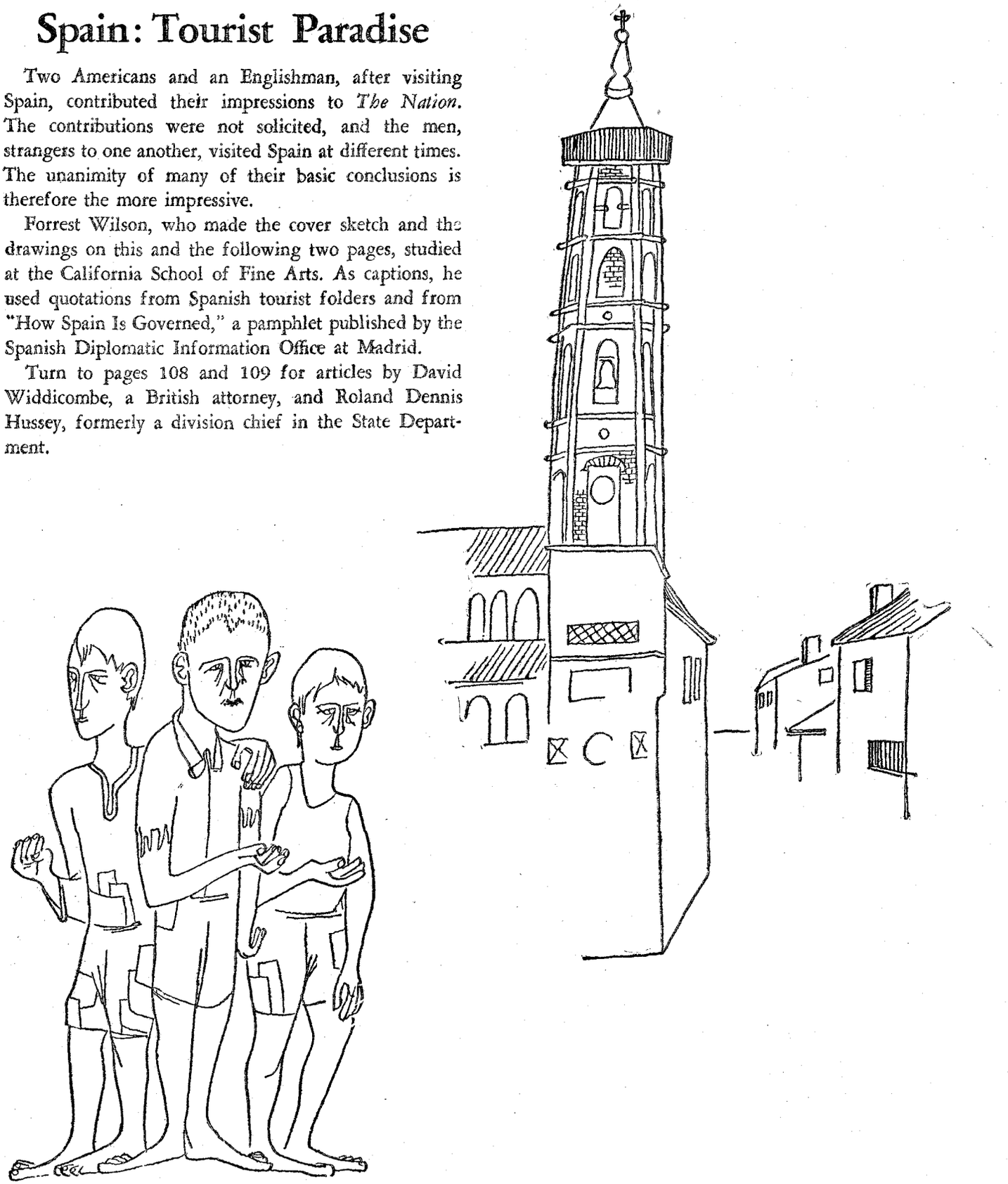
Spain: Tourist Paradise

Two Americans and an Englishman, after visiting Spain, contributed their impressions to *The Nation*. The contributions were not solicited, and the men, strangers to one another, visited Spain at different times. The unanimity of many of their basic conclusions is therefore the more impressive.

Forrest Wilson, who made the cover sketch and the drawings on this and the following two pages, studied at the California School of Fine Arts. As captions, he used quotations from Spanish tourist folders and from "How Spain Is Governed," a pamphlet published by the Spanish Diplomatic Information Office at Madrid.

Turn to pages 108 and 109 for articles by David Widdicombe, a British attorney, and Roland Dennis Hussey, formerly a division chief in the State Department.



"Spain is particularly proud of its program for children's welfare."

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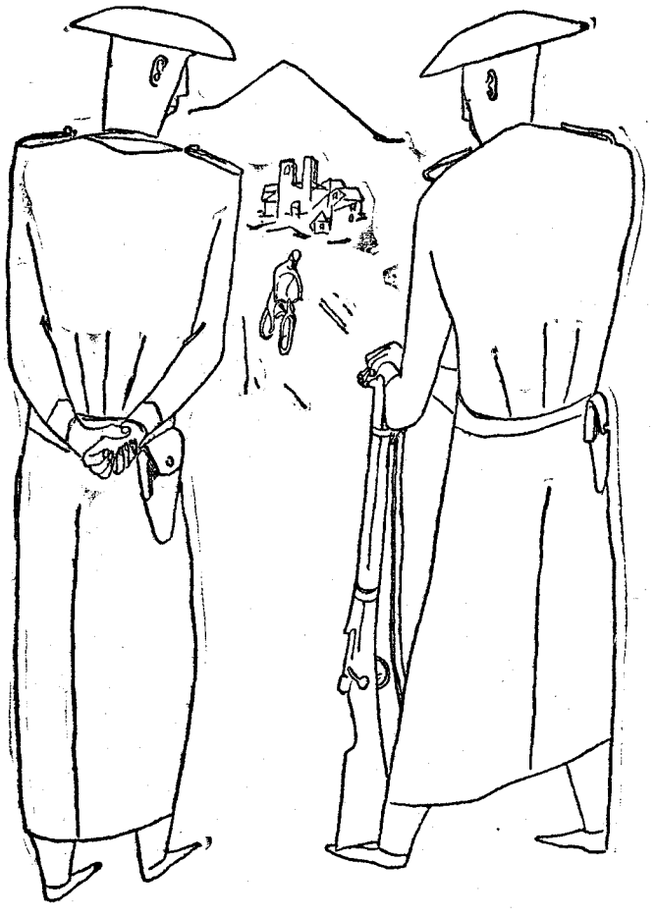
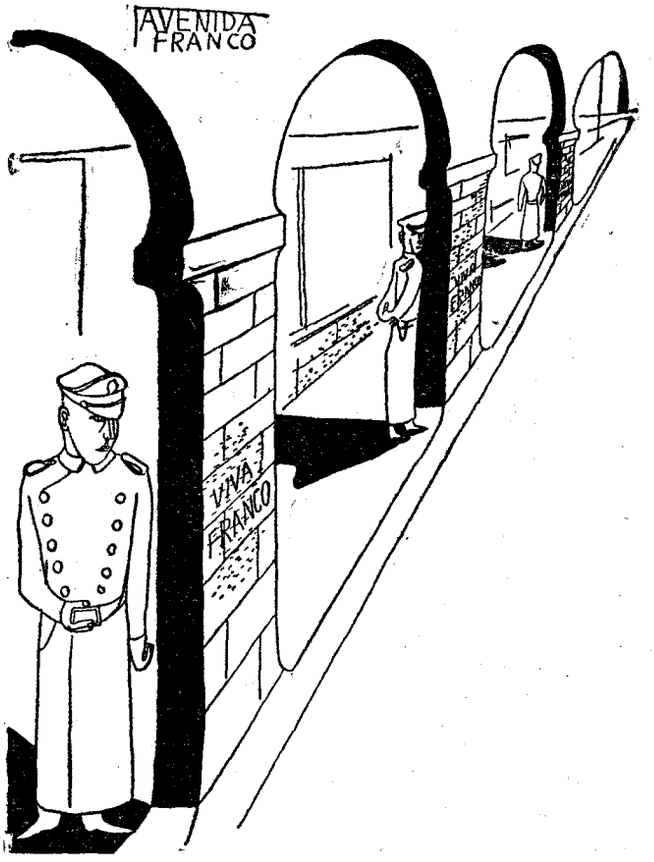
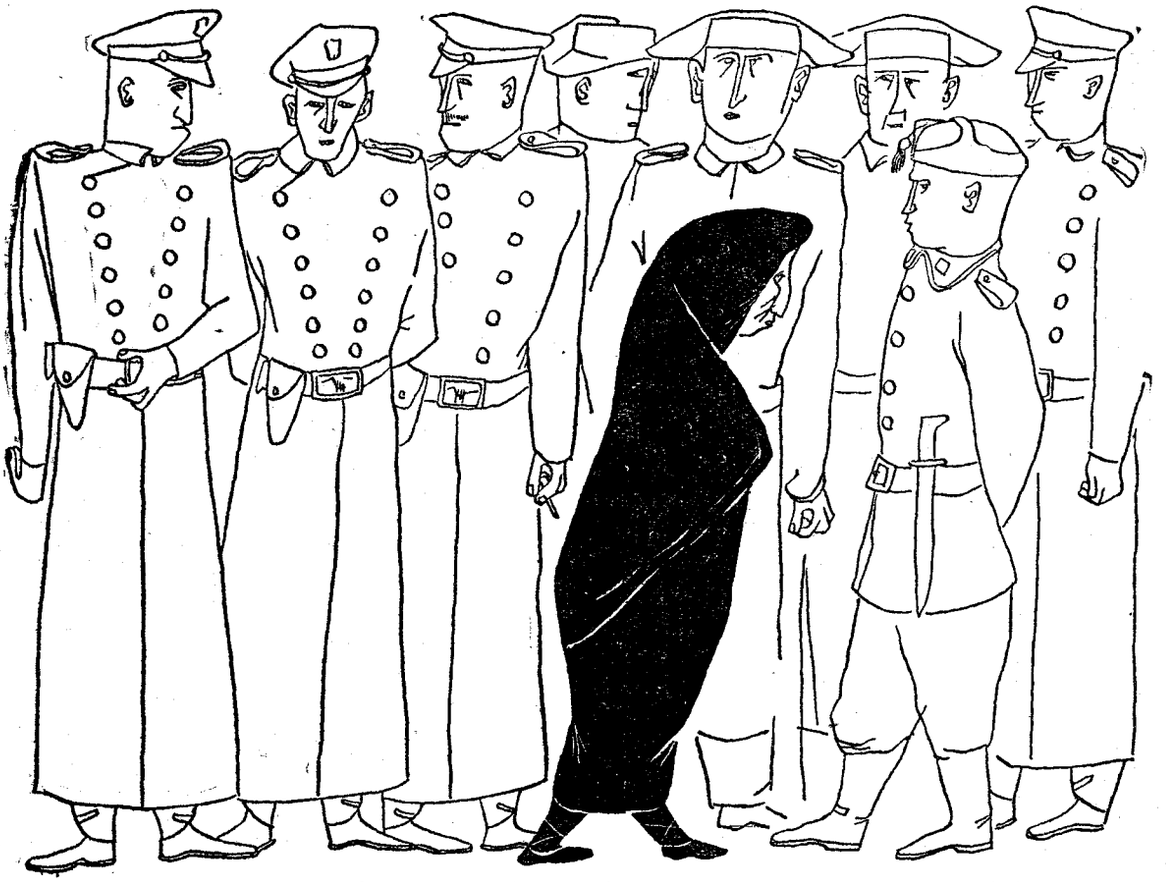


"Tourists are welcomed with . . . Spanish hospitality."



"Barcelona . . . gay atmosphere and fine shops."



"Control of private life . . . by political police, would have no meaning in Spain."

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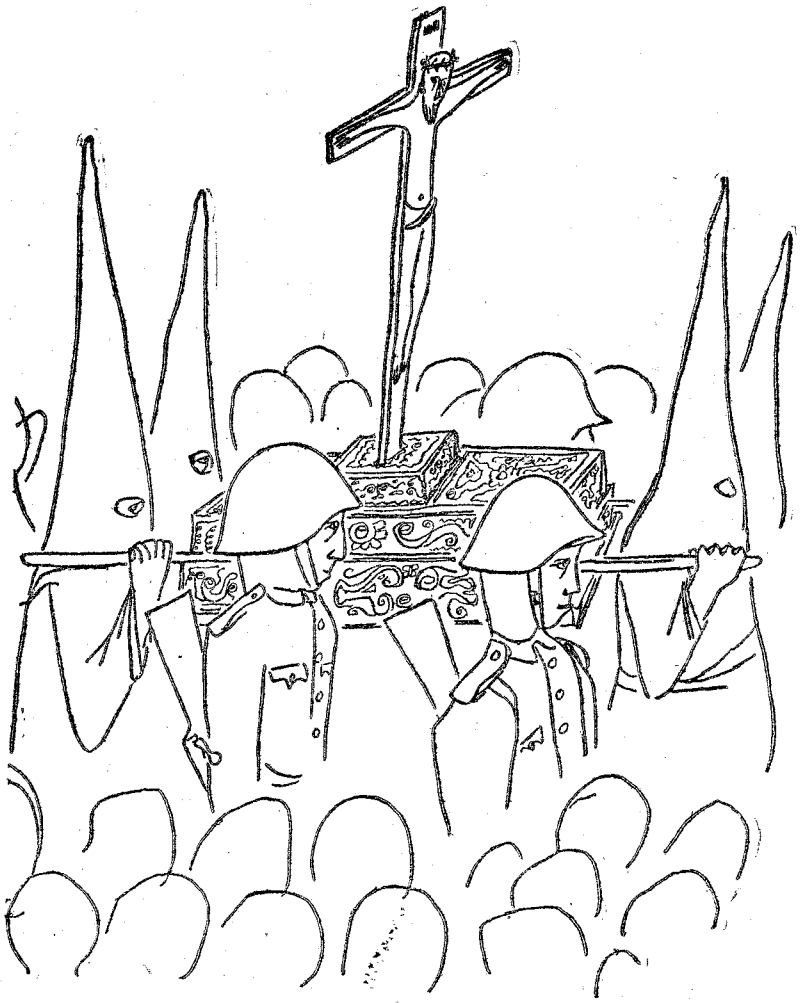
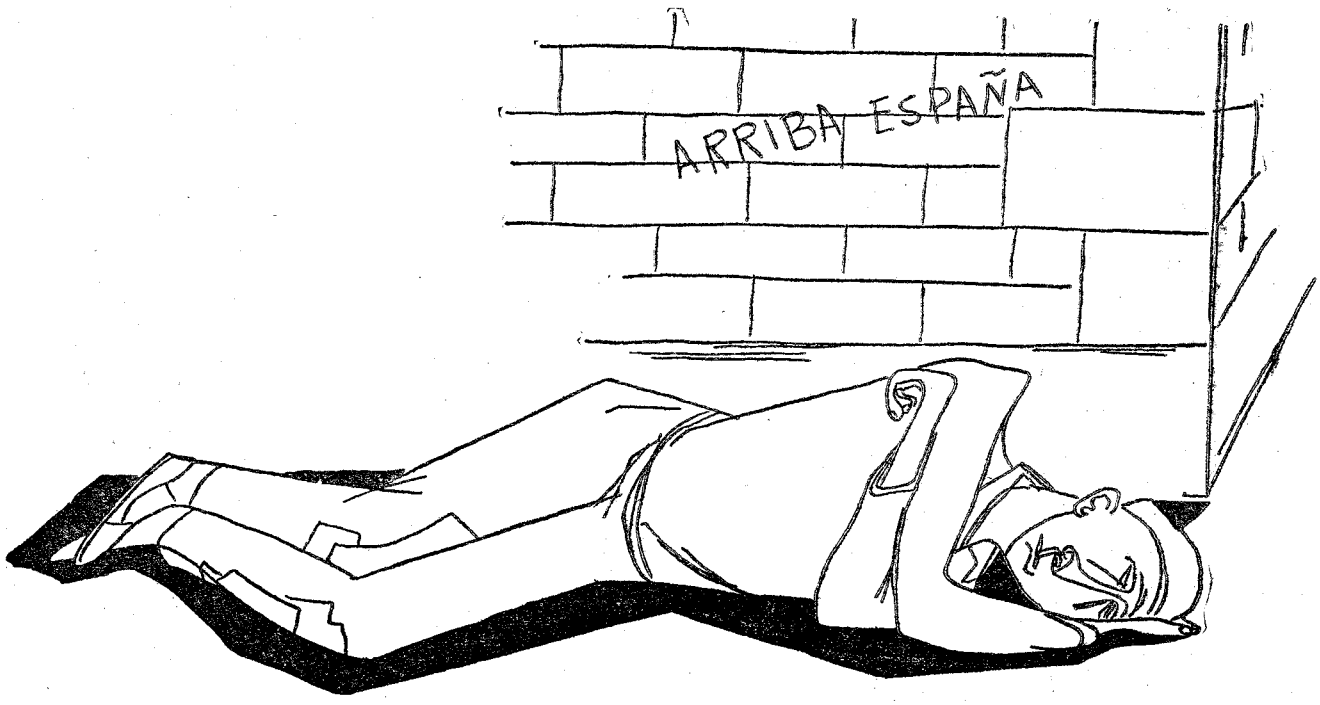


"The colorful Holy Week processions . . ."

"Carmen, the cigarette girl . . ."



"Happy memories of a traditional past do not interfere with a dynamic present."

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Justice in Barcelona

BY DAVID WIDDICOMBE

Barcelona

THE recent trial at Barcelona of twenty-seven political prisoners for activities against Franco aroused unusual interest outside Spain. Political trials are a common feature of Spanish life under Franco, and certain groups are consistently concerned about them and often try to send observers, but this case received much wider attention because the prisoners were charged, among other things, with participation in the Barcelona strikes of March and May, 1951. These strikes, of mixed political and economic origin, and the similar ones which were called in every large town in Catalonia and the Basque province were the first open acts of opposition since Franco's dictatorship was established twelve years ago.

When the court assembled on the hot Barcelona morning of July 2, there were present as observers, in addition to myself, lawyers from France, Belgium, and Italy, and American, British, and French consular officers. Usually in Spain political prisoners get short shrift; all too often the dreaded Ocaña jail is their home before and after the brief formalities of the trial. We expected therefore an example of extremely summary justice. The court was a military one, composed of five army officers in uniform, one of them a "judge advocate," or military lawyer, who was clearly the real power on the tribunal. It met in the massive headquarters building of the Military Government of Barcelona. The Spanish press made no mention of the trial until after it was over, when a brief statement of the prisoners' names and sentences appeared.

The indictment brought in against the prisoners was of such a sweeping character that defense seemed virtually impossible. According to a decree issued by Franco in 1943 persons are guilty of "military rebellion" who "put out false or tendentious notices . . . or hold meetings, conferences, or demonstrations . . . with the aim of causing public internal disorder, international conflicts, or the bringing into disrepute of the state, the army, or the authorities." The prosecution also relied on Article 289 of the Code of Military Justice, which provides imprisonment of from six months to twenty years for all who "from whatever motives commit acts which in any way help the rebels [that is, those guilty of military rebellion] even though such persons are not tied to or identified with the rebels." There can be little doubt that anyone who voices opposition to Franco is guilty of an offense under these laws.

The prisoners all had long Republican "records," which together with their more recent activities took an hour and a half to read out. The prosecution said Lopez Raimundo and a number of others were Communists, and that all were members of the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, a "popular-front" organization re-formed in 1948, which had been secretly printing and distributing two newspapers and other propaganda. Much of this propaganda was said to be "Communist in outlook, though other political views were also represented, all of them having in common opposition to the regime." Finally the prisoners were charged with the "revolutionary" activity of participation in the strikes of 1951. The essential facts were confirmed by the prisoners when their turn came to speak.

It is a disturbing experience to be an observer at a trial of this kind. One cannot but feel sympathy for persons whose only real offense has been to speak freely and oppose an established order, especially when their opposition is called forth by the appalling poverty of the masses in contrast to the wealth of the few. From the point of view of freedom of speech, there is of course not much to choose between Communist countries and Spain, and if the prisoners had been charged with communism, against which there is a separate law in Spain, one's sympathy would inevitably have been somewhat clouded. But the offense for which these men were being tried was opposition to Franco, and their particular beliefs mattered little. They represented the multitude of Spaniards who will never accept a regime like Franco's; their acts were testimony to the sufferings of the Spanish people. It was not Lopez Raimundo and his fellows who were on trial but the dictatorship.

The prisoners were brought into court handcuffed in pairs. Released and seated on a block of benches in the center of the court, they rubbed their wrists and talked quietly among themselves. The observers got out their notebooks. Next the "public" was admitted—a wave of wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, with a sprinkling of men, filled in an instant the space at the back of the room. There they stood, straining on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of their men, waving, blowing kisses, and calling out names in a loud whisper. The prisoners turned in their seats and responded. All during the long hot sessions that packed mass of loyal humanity stood and

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listened to the drone of legal voices. To them our presence as observers meant much.

After the charges were read, the facts and the law were recited by a gum-chewing uniformed prosecutor lolling nonchalantly on a raised dais. The defense was ably conducted by eight lawyers of the prisoners' choosing. Each bravely shot his arrow at the sun. The court, they said, had no jurisdiction, the law of 1943 having been implicitly repealed by the introduction of a Civil Penal Code in 1945. The facts did not constitute the offense charged: there was no evidence of violence or terrorism. This claim was important as affecting the scale of penalties applicable and was not seriously challenged by the prosecution.

AT THIS point the atmosphere of the trial changed. So far the proceedings, instead of being of the cursory kind anticipated, had given the impression of an elaborate play staged by the Spanish authorities for the benefit of the observers. Now, however, the principal actors warmed to their parts. Encouraged perhaps by the presence of the observers, or inspired by the dignified bearing of the prisoners, or touched by the spectacle of the relatives, the eight defense lawyers spoke with an eloquence that brought a hush to the court. The opposition of their clients, they reiterated, was really directed against the economic conditions in which the Spanish people lived; freedom of speech could never be a crime; poverty and oppression were contrary to the Christian faith, and the prisoners should be released on religious grounds.

The lawyers' speeches were followed by brief ringing statements by the prisoners. Meanwhile the court was becoming extremely touchy. The prosecutor and the president interrupted frequently, and the limits of relevancy began to be strictly enforced.

Suddenly the trial was over. Twenty-four hours later the sentences were announced. Instead of the maximum penalty of twenty years' imprisonment asked for them by the prosecution, Raimundo and three others were sentenced to but three years. Four men were acquitted. The others got three years or less. And it is understood that all will be released in the near future, since they have spent one year in prison already and in addition will get the benefit of a two-year amnesty granted to mark the recent Eucharistic Congress at Barcelona.

It is hard not to see in this surprising result some sort of triumph for the widespread international interest in the trial. The fact is that Franco, hoping for more dollars and for admission to the United Nations, is at the moment extremely sensitive to foreign opinion. This, then, is the time for all who have the cause of liberty and justice at heart to speak up strongly against the evils, both political and economic, under which the Spanish people labor.

General Franco

Spain Revisited

BY ROLAND DENNIS HUSSEY

THE border seemed about the same as it was many years ago—a few more forms to be filled out, the buildings a little shabbier, a few more police agents in evidence, but the people still friendly in their grave, dignified way and the officials good-humoredly sardonic as they agreed that there were far too many papers to sign.

It is no wonder that junketing senators and generals unfamiliar with Spanish language and history, staying at de luxe hotels, learn so little about the country. American dollars can buy comfort in Spain as elsewhere. Unrepaired war damage is not in evidence on the main streets of the big cities, nor are beggars, and upper-class Spaniards are charming people whatever their views. As for the nearly feudal constitution of society, with the church, the nobles, and the military caste monopolizing land and privileges, who is to tell the visitor that even the few reforms made under the republic have been reversed?

The Franco regime is no longer strongly Falangist, and repression is perhaps milder in Spain than in some other police states—people occasionally dare to complain in public—but Falangist laws are still on the books, and the police are omnipresent. Professors in the

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The Land of $1 Bread

Madrid

Living is cheap in Spain for everyone but Spaniards. The ordinary Spanish worker—the equivalent of the American who earns $200 a month—earns here about 500 pesetas a month (approximately $10 at the free market rate). What does this mean in terms of the living standards of the two men and their families?

Bread in Spain costs about 2½ pesetas a pound. Thus the 500 peseta-a-month Spanish worker pays 1/200 of his monthly income for a pound (or ordinary loaf) of bread. If the $200-a-month American worker had to pay a similar proportion, bread would cost him $1 a loaf.

We can gauge the standard of living of the Spanish worker if we imagine an American, trying to support a family on $200 a month, being forced to pay the following prices:

Milk (1 quart)	$1.60	Socks (1 pr.)	$ 8.00
Eggs (1 doz.)	8.00	Shirt	48.00
Oranges (1 doz.)	5.00	Shoes	80.00
Meat (1 lb.)	8.00	Suit	200.00
Beer (1 bottle)	2.00	Movies	3.20

Such things as radios, washing-machines, and vacuum cleaners are altogether beyond the reach of the Spanish worker. As for automobiles, a small car of the Crosley type would cost him many years' earnings.—*John Nelson Hedrada, a resident of Madrid who has spent many years in the United States.*

universities deride Falangism privately, but no one can teach without membership in the proper Falangist organization. Newspapers publish only what is favorable to state or church. One can learn more about Spanish conditions from the better French newspapers than from any printed in Spain.

The once powerful labor unions have been transformed into "vertical" groupings whose function is not to represent the workers but to organize them to do the government's and the church's will. While I was in Madrid, wall posters all over the city exhorted members to listen to a forthcoming papal pronouncement on their duties. "Spanish unionism carries out the Pope's wishes by its deeds," said one.

Contrasting with the wealth of a few, the general poverty is nearly unbelievable. Industry, agriculture, and road and rail transportation are all in a bad state. There are perhaps a few more tractors than there were twenty years ago, since there were almost none then, but there are certainly fewer locomotives and automobiles. If you take half a dozen long rail trips you will probably be in at least one wreck. I had the experience on my second venture. As the car went off the rails, my neighbor groaned resignedly, "What? Again?"

The middle class has been terribly squeezed, and one cannot imagine how the poor exist. Wages range from ten to twenty-five pesetas a day, going as high as thirty-five for a very few. Just what that means in purchasing power is debatable, but even by Spanish official figures the average wage-earner can buy only half as much as he could before the civil war. And that was painfully little.

Corruption and inefficiency in politics and in military affairs, which a foreigner can know nothing about at first hand, were a bitter, taken-for-granted joke among the Spanish. Civil officials and army officers frequently had to have more than one job in order to live. It was common talk that last spring the government rationing service diverted a half-million head of cattle to Portugal and France, to the profit of its officials, and that the rationing service and the *sindicatos* were the main source of black-market supplies. The army, so far as I could judge from outside, was pathetic. The military parades on April 1, anniversary of the "liberation" of Madrid, when the army put its best foot forward, revealed such obsolete and worn-out matériel that they were plainly embarrassing to Spaniards who knew anything of the outside world.

MANY Spaniards, especially young people, know almost none of the facts of their own recent history. The politically dominant classes seem afflicted with a sort of national psychosis. A Spanish columnist writing from the United States for the widely read *Ya* coupled American Communists and the *Daily Worker* with the "rabbinical" New York *Times* as the chief opponents of better relations between the United States and the Franco regime.

It is doubtful whether any sector of society, even officials with good jobs, really likes Franco's rule. But the monarchists are split, partly through Franco's shrewd maneuvering, and most well-to-do people seem convinced that an effort to replace him would probably bring the accession of the Communists as the only group in Spain sufficiently cohesive to be able to fill a power vacuum. Republicans whom I knew from earlier days are apathetic and express their opinions on this subject chiefly by resigned shrugs. The few surviving labor leaders and the Catalan and Basque nationalists are the only likely sources of organized, non-Communist opposition. But there have been signs of unrest since 1945, and the wave of popular demonstrations that swept Spain last year from Barcelona to Madrid and the Basque country makes one wonder about the theory that there is no effective underground. Pamplona, like most of Navarre, was Franquist in the civil war, but it joined in the demonstrations.

American foreign policy is generally misunderstood. I doubt that a tenth of one per cent of the people have

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ever heard that the United States desires to end police states everywhere and to improve living standards as the best defense against Communist subversion. But they have all heard a great deal of American intentions to give military aid to anti-Communist governments. Americans, I think, are genuinely popular, except among the ultra-conservatives, and Madrid's demonstration of welcome to Ambassador Griffis was probably spontaneous, but many people privately expressed fear even then that the Ambassador's early remarks foreshadowed the strengthening of Franco rather than of Spain.

Washington has by now obviously decided to support the dictatorship, a policy which to many Americans must seem shameful and costly. Even from the strictly military point of view, which appears to be dominating American policy at present, the decision makes little sense. If Franco would consent to fight at all in a European war, he would not have much to fight with at present, and it is doubtful whether Spanish pride could stomach an effective military mission. Moreover, any addition to Franco's military strength would tighten his domestic grip and discourage democratic forces not only in Spain but throughout Europe. If the Defense Department insists on preparing a base in Spain, the government should consider whether airfields and seaports and rail facilities could be arranged for on a straight construction-cost or rental basis which would benefit the Spanish economy without too much direct aid to the regime.

There are no simple answers to these implied questions about our Spanish policy. Franco is probably no worse than others to whom we have snuggled up in our search for allies. But let us at least not deceive ourselves: we shall pay in more than dollars and cents for any aid we give to Franco. We shall not see a free people emerge in Spain, and unless we are smarter and more determined than we have been so far, we shall not succeed in preventing catastrophic upheaval there.

An Enemy of the People?

BY WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Fairmont, West Virginia

THE American Legion post in Fairmont, West Virginia, a hillside town seventy-five miles southwest of Pittsburgh, held an Americanism rally a year ago last March. Among those present was Dr. Luella Mundel, chairman of the Art Department of the state teachers' college in Fairmont. During the question period after the speeches Dr. Mundel asked several pointed questions and expressed resentment at the implication that college faculties are loaded with Communists. She thereby started a chain of events which included her own dismissal and that of the college president who defended her, six faculty resignations, a bitter split in the Legion post, and a twice-tried lawsuit. Charging that Mrs. Thelma Loudin, a townswoman and member of the state Board of Education, had called her a "poor security risk" and an "atheist," Dr. Mundel sued for slander. The second trial ended on July 16, when a jury of Mrs. Loudin's neighbors agreed with her attorney, United States Senator Matthew Mansfield Neely, that the defendant had only done her duty.

The testimony at this second trial bristled with contradictions which must be laid either to extraordinary misunderstandings or to perjury. The witnesses agreed on very little. It seems certain, however, that Fairmont State College has long suffered from a feud between Dr. George Hand, its president, and Mrs. Loudin, the local representative of the Board of Education, and that the Mundel case was a victory for Mrs. Loudin. Until last year Dr. Mundel took little interest in this fight. She did not know Mrs. Loudin, and apart from her duties as a department head, she saw Dr. Hand rarely. As her performance at the Legion rally indicates, she was no diplomat. She was inclined to be sharp in personal conversation, and even Hand thought she used poor judgment at times. Yet it is clear that she was devoted to her work. She thought politics dull; she was a registered Democrat, but she didn't even bother to vote in 1948. After her dismissal she joined the American Civil Liberties Union, but at the time of the Americanism rally she belonged only to a few professional organizations.

Five weeks after that event Dr. Hand and the Board of Education held their annual budget meeting in Charleston. Ordinarily Dr. Mundel's name would not have been introduced, but Mrs. Loudin, who had talked with the Legion commander, brought it up. What followed is a matter of dispute. At the second trial Mrs. Loudin, supported by the other board members, testified that she asked Dr. Hand if he thought Dr. Mundel was a good security risk, amended this to exclude any suggestion of communism, and then authorized him to investigate her abilities as a teacher. Dr. Hand says that Mrs. Loudin flatly labeled his art chairman a poor

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security risk and that he requested and was granted permission to investigate her as he saw fit.

In any event he asked the FBI to check her. The FBI did and reported nothing against her. Dr. Hand then interviewed students and faculty about her teaching abilities. Comments were favorable with one notable exception: a discontented subordinate of Dr. Mundel's attacked her in a letter to Mrs. Loudin. At the July meeting of the board Dr. Hand, disregarding this criticism, presented a report recommending that Dr. Mundel be retained with a raise in pay. The board said that this was not at all the kind of report it wanted and reversed him on all counts. Dr. Hand says Mrs. Loudin suggested Dr. Mundel was an atheist at this meeting, but Mrs. Loudin denies it; indeed, she and the rest of the board testified in court that they decided not to accept Hand's report because he had himself made unfavorable comments about the art teacher. Mrs. Loudin was asked on the stand to explain why the president should make such remarks about a person he was supporting. She replied that it was "strangely unaccountable"—which of course it is.

Dr. Mundel learned of her dismissal through the United Press, which reported she had been fired "for the good of the college." (No malice was intended, a board member blandly explained a year later; "everything we try to do is for the good of the school.") She wrote the board asking for a hearing, and her request was supported by a petition signed by 125 students. The request was denied, and the petition was not acknowledged.

Meanwhile Mrs. Loudin had given the subordinate's denunciatory letter to a local newspaper, which published it on August 15. According to sworn testimony, she informed a faculty member who contemplated a pro-Mundel petition that anyone who questioned the board "would do well to move along and move while the moving was good," and told a local woman that Dr. Mundel belonged to a "dangerous clique" at the college. Mrs. Loudin, also under oath, denied having made these statements.

CLAIMING that she was unable to find a job owing to the circumstances of her dismissal, Dr. Mundel filed suit in September, 1951. The case came up in the Marion County Court at Christmas, and the trial was a wild one. Senator Neely, a spellbinder of the Bryan school, demanded a return to the "old-fashioned Americanism of our forefathers" and relentlessly cross-examined Dr. Mundel about her religious faith until she fled from the courtroom in tears. This indirectly brought an end to the trial, for the following Sunday Fairmont's Episcopal minister told his congregation the trial was a "farce" comparable to the Inquisition. His remarks were published in the next morning's newspaper, and Neely demanded, and got, a mistrial. After it was granted, twenty-four Fairmont ministers issued a statement rebuking the Episcopalian.

In the six months that elapsed before the second trial Hand was summarily bounced, as was his college librarian, who had been conducting a fund-raising campaign for Dr. Mundel. Six faculty members resigned. Circumstances were therefore greatly altered when the court began to choose a jury on July 7 last—a date which prevented any decent newspaper coverage since all eyes were on Chicago. Officers of the local Legion provided Senator Neely with $2,500 from the post treasury for Mrs. Loudin's defense.

The plaintiff's testimony was much as it had been in December; Dr. Mundel herself, frail and bespectacled, sat as she had then, looking quietly into her lap while Senator Neely denounced her as an enemy of the people. The Senator answered defenders of academic freedom by comparing Dr. Mundel—or Mrs. P. H. D. Mundel, as he called her—to an incompetent milkmaid. A farmer has a right to fire a maid who can't milk, he said, and the Board of Education was therefore justified in firing the plaintiff. Mrs. Loudin firmly denied every charge against her, and her colleagues paraded to the stand to support the thesis that Hand was responsible for the whole mess. It turned out that she had little need of their support, for Judge J. Harper Meredith ruled that her statements as a board member were privileged, unless, of course, they were malicious. In his closing address Senator Neely said the question was whether schools should be operated by men and women of goodwill or by "agnostics, Socialists, and screwballs." The jury deliberated less than two hours and announced for the defendant.

On the Sunday after the trial two of Dr. Mundel's supporters hurriedly summoned police to her apartment. She had not answered their urgent knocking, and a strong odor was seeping into the hall. Forcing an entrance, the policemen found her in a gas-filled bathroom; the window was tightly shut and the door calked. No charges were brought, but after a night with friends she was accused of attacking her hostess with a letter opener. This time she was held in the Fairmont jail on charges of lunacy and assault, under constant supervision, until her sister arrived to take her home to Iowa. She has since been reported missing there.

The scars on Fairmont's civic pride remain. Morale at the college is shattered; the Legion membership is in an uproar over that $2,500; and the case has brought considerable unfavorable notice to Fairmont. Before the second trial a local columnist suggested that the city hire a press agent to counteract the impression it was a hotbed of bigotry—to which Dr. Mundel, then still good-humored, replied that perhaps the best way to avoid giving such an impression would be to be unbigoted.

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Color Prejudice in Britain

BY ANDREW ROTH

London

A YOUNG Indonesian diplomat here went looking for lodgings recently. Over the telephone he learned that several rooming houses had accommodations, but when he appeared in person, he was informed that all the rooms had been taken. While his English is perfect, in looks he is unmistakably an Asian. Some of those who turned him away said they had no color prejudice themselves but were afraid of the reaction of their other boarders.

Thousands of Indian and African students have had similar experiences. Last year a contributor to the *New Statesman* decided to test the attitude of landladies. He and an African student went around separately to answer advertisements for vacant rooms. They found that about half the landladies they visited told the dark-skinned African all their rooms were occupied but subsequently told the white Briton they had vacancies.

Prejudice is also encountered in seeking employment. A Nigerian student I know wanted to earn some money as a clerk during the summer vacation. He went to a railway employment office where he knew there were vacancies. Two white-skinned applicants ahead of him were offered clerical jobs. They rejected them because they thought the pay too small. When the Nigerian's turn came, he was told there were no clerical jobs open but he could qualify as a sweeper cleaning out railway carriages. At a state employment bureau he was offered a job breaking stone on the roads. He finally did get a job as a clerk on the railways, but only after a Labor M. P. had intervened in his behalf.

This practice of referring people of color—as well as Irishmen—to "coolie" jobs is standard. A former employee at a state employment bureau says that the office has unwritten instructions to that effect. The Coventry Labor Exchange is one of the few which commit this color prejudice to writing. Answering my query on behalf of an Indian friend, the exchange replied that clerical jobs could be had in Coventry, "assuming that your friend is British (not colored)."

Many British people deny the existence of color prejudice in this country. When Dr. Ruth Landes, an American anthropologist, reported her findings on the subject to a group of professional British anthropologists, some claimed the problem was an imaginary one. If it is generally ignored, the reason is that only one in five hundred persons in Britain is colored and hardly anybody but landladies and employment officers has to face the question of how to treat them. Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld, a British psychologist, said recently: "Understand this, there are no 'Negroes' in Britain, no 'colored.' We just don't think that way. We think of men from Jamaica, from the Gold Coast, Barbados. A 'colored' man is merely someone we don't know how to place, like a stowaway."

The 100,000 non-white students and workers and the small minority of non-white business men residing in Britain find it difficult to join the mainstream of British life and lead a normal existence. Students get along best because they stay in an academic backwater or are protected by the semi-official British Council. Asian and African diplomats move largely in their own insulated circles. The unhappiest group are the unskilled from the West Indies or Africa, attracted here by exaggerated propaganda about welfare schemes in Britain and condemned by economic stringency and landladies' prejudices to live in colonies in London's slums.

A few individuals get a temporary glimpse of high society as its pampered pets. At West Indian and African clubs you find white women of better social standing than you would see in Negro clubs in New York, though you might find them in Paris.

Of course there is a tendency to exclude all foreign elements from the tight fabric of British social life. The Italians who contracted to come here as miners have learned that. The Bow Group, a Conservative research society which has been studying the difficulties of people of color, said in a report published on July 23: "The problems of these people are not intrinsically different from the problems of any people who come from abroad to work and study here, and who find it necessary to adjust themselves to a new way of life and to break down the social barrier with which the Englishman surrounds his castle." *The Times* challenged this editorially, saying that "the fact of being colored and, in the case of colonials, the sense of dependent status, are aggravating features."

The anti-American feeling built up here recently has a firm basis in the deep distaste of Britons for Americans who, despite a common language and similar cultural traditions, do not conform to British behavior patterns. Because of this attitude the almost 100,000 American air-force men have few contacts with the people.

The British authorities try to protect colonial students from unpleasant realities like prejudiced landladies because they want students to return to their native lands with a pleasant memory of Britain. They keep lists of available lodgings and have opened such hostels as Malaya Hall and the British Council Hostel at Hans Crescent. Also, they are well aware that the British Communists have long specialized in turning a sense of personal slight into antagonism to "British imperialism." In spite of their efforts, however, African students are listening attentively to Communist propaganda.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Crisis of Land and Water

CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE IN THE MIDDLE EAST: THE QUEST FOR PROSPERITY, 1919-1951. By Hedley V. Cooke. Harper and Brothers. $4.

AS LUCK would have it, Dr. Hedley V. Cooke's scholarly study of contemporary economic and social problems in the Middle East has gained an intense topicality through its publication during a week of revolution in Cairo and Tehran which terminated the reign of one monarch and brought the deposition of another appreciably nearer. Dr. Cooke, formerly United States consul in Palestine and Turkey and lately consultant to the Middle East Planning Staff of E. C. A., does not explore the labyrinthine palace politics of Egypt and Iran to their dead end, but he marshals the economic facts and social statistics that explain the flight of King Farouk and the dilemma of Mohammed Reza Shah. His book is an invaluable background aid toward the understanding of perennial crisis in the Middle East.

Dr. Cooke combines his own considerable first-hand experience of the Middle East over a period of seventeen years with a survey of governmental, intergovernmental, institutional, and commercial reports on planning and performance in the Middle East. To these he adds a somewhat eclectic choice of newspaper dispatches of variable weight. The result is a cumbersomely footnoted volume which nevertheless conveys a wealth of information and provides flashes of illuminating insight.

Land and water emerge in Dr. Cooke's thesis as the dominant economic factors throughout the greater part of the Middle East. The quest for oil is of secondary importance. Indigenous populations have only indirectly, if at all, benefited from its discovery or exploitation. Agricultural crisis in the region is the product of obsolete forms of land tenure and ownership of water rights, which in turn dictate the most primitive forms of cultivation. With the conspicuous exceptions of Turkey and Israel, where customary economic patterns have been dissolved by internal revolution or pressure of immigration, of Jordan, which has enjoyed the benefit of almost-dedicated British tutelage, and of Saudi Arabia, which under Ibn Saud has taken the first steps relatively forward from a nomadic tribal to a settled feudal society, the Middle East is stagnating in the hands of oligarchies of landowners. Only a revolution in agricultural ownership and techniques can break the vicious circle of poverty, illiteracy, and disease to which the region has been condemned for the past two thousand years. It is questionable whether this revolution can be imposed from the outside by orderly means.

These are Dr. Cooke's implied rather than explicit conclusions. He recounts the failure of planning schemes, like those for the utilization of the waters of the River Litani and Lake Yammouneh in Lebanon or for the exploitation of the agricultural resources of the Jezireh province in Syria, which have been stalemated by government lethargy and corruption. Time and again he draws attention to the absence of a native capitalism in countries where landlords would rather be money lenders to their own tenants at 200 per cent interest than engage in the risks of industrial development.

Dr. Cooke demonstrates that the standard of living in at least half the countries of the Middle East is lower today than it was at the close of the First World War. His case history of Egypt horrifies by its sheer baldness of fact: the Egyptian fellah has an average annual income of $54.75; 90 per cent of the population suffers from trachoma, 75 per cent from schistosomiasis, and at least 40 per cent from hookworm. The death rate is the highest in the world, and yet, so precarious is the balance between bare subsistence and famine for the bulk of the population, any improvement in health standards might create abnormal population pressures on available natural resources and further worsen conditions of life.

In the darkness of these somber facts "The Quest for Prosperity," which Dr. Cooke has chosen as the subtitle for his book, has a savagely ironic ring. He does, however, allow the reader occasional gleams of hope. "Israel's success," he claims, "in altering part of the face of the Middle East has been a potent stimulus to the other nations from the double viewpoint of rivalry and showing what could be done with limited resources." On the other hand, he points out that the Arab states are still unconvinced that Israel has come to stay in the Middle East and are banking on its eventual economic collapse.

Dr. Cooke is undismayed by the overwhelming obstacles to a political and psychological solution of economic crisis in the Middle East. He thinks economic-aid programs for Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen should be limited in scope until there is a change in political climate in those countries. He urges, however, a direct approach in Iran, where the prestige of the Point Four program is in jeopardy; in Iraq, where American and European technical aid in the rehabilitation of the Tigris-Euphrates basin offers almost limitless possibilities of development; and in Turkey, which has made considerable economic advance under the E. C. A. Jordan, he believes, could be the scene of a model Point Four experiment which might provide an example and stimulus for specifically Arab countries. Israel's needs, he suggests, are largely limited to investment capital.

The region's oil resources, too, Dr. Cooke suggests, might be made to play a more constructive role in general economic development. The British-protected Sheikdoms of Kuwait, Bahrein, and Quatar, with a total population of little more than 250,000, enjoy surplus revenues of at least $160,000,000 a year, which could be devoted in whole or part to financing a Middle East Development Board. It would be pleasant to think that this is a possibility. Unhappily, there are no current indications in the Middle East that regional altruism has replaced parochial selfishness as the basis of policy.

JACK WINOCOUR

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Friendly Exchange

ROOSEVELT AND DANIELS. A FRIENDSHIP IN POLITICS. Edited with an Introduction by Carroll Kilpatrick. The University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

THIS slim, intelligently edited volume contains the exchange of correspondence between F. D. R. and Josephus Daniels. The two men had met each other in the Democratic National Convention of 1912. They had worked together in Wilson's Administration, maintained occasional contacts in the 1920's, and resumed their closer relationship when Daniels became ambassador to Mexico in 1933. But they were never really close friends. Although the passing years of their collaboration established between them certain bonds of respect and understanding, the differences of age, of background, and of point of view were too great ever effectively to be bridged.

The letters here collected do not therefore reflect any personal intimacy. Nor do they expose any hitherto unknown facts about the three decades of political activity in which the two men were prominently involved. The letters have value rather for sporadic flashes that, here and there, reveal the diversity of the forces of liberalism that drew together first in the New Freedom and then in the New Deal.

Daniels was heir to the agrarian radicalism that had earlier burst forth in the Populist movement and that, in 1912, still had vitality in North Carolina and in some of the other Southern states. Roosevelt, on the other hand, was swayed by reforming sentiments of the Northern progressives, for whom reform meant primarily honesty and efficiency in government. Although F. D. R. worked effectively as assistant to Secretary of the Navy Daniels in the years that followed, the New Yorker was rather unsympathetic to his superior. There was, indeed, a touch of contempt in his references to Daniels's "faith in human nature and civilization and similar idealistic nonsense."

Years later, when Roosevelt was himself charged with the responsibility for the conduct of the government in the succession of crises after 1932, he was much more responsive to appeals to faith in human nature. These ideals no longer seemed nonsense and he was far more tolerant of those earlier liberals who, like Daniels, had been swayed by them. The growing comprehension of what those ideals meant may have been nurtured by personal misfortunes and by political setbacks through the 1920's. But more important, it sprang from the changes after 1933 in the very nature of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Glimpses of the operation of those changes make the letters in this book interesting and useful.

OSCAR HANDLIN

The Wayward Universe

THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE. By George Gamow. The Viking Press. $3.75.

LAST year an English astronomer turned upside down the snug, comfortable universe given to the lay scientist by Jeans, Eddington, and Gamow. Hoyle's thin, crackling book, "The Nature of the Universe," dismissed these stalwarts of cosmogony with the high-handedness either of genius or unpardonable impudence; or maybe both. Undoubtedly, Hoyle brought forward a whole new vision of existence which, for all its demands upon the imagination, was marvelously convincing. And now Gamow—"Good old Gamow!" as loyal enthusiasts of his will cry—has made his answer, and for many put the wayward universe back on its own two feet.

Hoyle insists that the universe is eternal, whereas traditional cosmogony insists that the universe is a child no more than a few billion years old. Superficially, it seems absurd to say that the universe came into being at any single time and never existed before—and even more so to say, as Gamow does, that the basic materials of the universe were all created within the space of one hour! But Hoyle's belief in the permanence of the universe is challenged by the following fact: the galaxies are all known to be in rapid flight from one another, and if Hoyle were correct, our Milky Way would be easily the only visible occupant of the night skies. Where, then, do the surrounding galaxies come from? Hoyle replies that the heavens are replenished by new galaxies through the gift of creation: hydrogen, the predominant and most fundamental source of matter, is produced, literally magically, out of nothingness. This concept, without any foreseeable proof and ridiculously too convenient, is still a possibility worth considering. Even Gamow concedes:

> To compensate fully for expansion not more is required than the production of one new hydrogen atom per gallon of expanding space once every 250 million years, so the creative genie would not overstrain himself doing the job.

But where, Gamow wants to know, are the sources for the atoms of heavier elements? It takes a good deal more than hydrogen to make a universe. Hoyle maintains that these missing particles are fashioned in the inconceivably hot temperatures of certain stars, which then explode and hurl these particles into space. Gamow characterizes this idea as "artificial and unreal," and demonstrates that it cannot possibly explain "the observed abundances of chemical elements."

Gamow finds at least a dozen inferential points to jeopardize the position of Hoyle and his followers. For example, Hoyle does not recognize an

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ageing process in the galaxies; they simply vanish into space, and new galaxies emerge to fill the gap. However, the more distant a galaxy, the more red it appears to observers; this intensified color is due to the presence of increasing numbers of stars called "red giants." The only conclusion is that galaxies, whose age may be partly measured by their distance (the ones Gamow refers to are observed *as they were* 300 million years ago), do undergo a fundamental change. This study of galactic growth fully supports the principles of conservative cosmogony.

Gamow likewise emphasizes the impermanence of many atoms. These atoms suffer from what is called radioactive decay, and if they were "formed too far back in time, they would by now have decayed completely and disappeared." The age of certain radioactive elements is at most a few billion years—further evidence that the universe is of relatively recent origin.

Gamow carefully explains that masses of stars in a galaxy, owing to "gravitational interaction with other stars," are little by little dispersed. Since "the average life of such stellar clusters must be between 1 billion and 10 billion years," and "since there are still several hundred such clusters in our system, the Milky Way, its age cannot be greater than a few billion years." Again and again Gamow finds corroborative evidence for the theory that matter and its embodiments are all a modern outgrowth.

His book, however, is by no means confined to a controversy over his own views vs. Hoyle's. The most gratifying feature of "The Creation of the Universe," in fact, is that it gives general coverage of all current thought in cosmogony. It includes, for example, a notion as delicious to the imagination as one by the Swedish astronomer Charlier, who describes our "universe" as in reality a single super-gigantic galaxy of which the real universe contains an indefinite number.

Gamow is not as instantly readable as Hoyle, although his style is often glib where it should be serious; but on the whole he has given us a thorough and exciting work, the best thus far available. The technical and mathematical passages will make the book useful even to the scientist.

CHARLES SPIELBERGER

Books in Brief

MORNING, WINTER, AND NIGHT. By John Nairne Michaelson. Sloane. $3. A bluntly and tenderly told reminiscence of juvenile love in rural Ohio at the turn of the century, written under a pseudonym by a prominent non-literary artist as a first novel. It has moments of genuine beauty and pathos, but while it is plausible that these twelve-year-old farm children used Anglo-Saxon words to describe the organs and the act of sex, it is much more difficult to accept as a natural truth that they regularly engaged in mature sexual relations at that time and in that milieu, or that those relations could attain the intensity of adult or even adolescent emotional involvements. It seems odd, but if the three children had been only five years older, the tragic triangle might very well have been extraordinarily affecting; even as it stands, it bears comparison with the novels of Europeans like Radiguet and Rossi who have dealt so poignantly with the emotional agonies of the very young.

THE DEADWEIGHT. By Wayland Hilton-Young. Scribner's. $2.50. "The Deadweight" is a very uneven first novel, convincingly terrifying in some places and pointlessly searching in others. It is reminiscent of William Sansom, and, for that matter, of Italo Svevo, concerned as Mr. Hilton-Young is to show how the obsession which infects his heroine runs its dread course. Anna Emerson is convinced, for no good reason, that she is responsible for her mother's bad second marriage and for the death of her fiancé, and that she is bound to destroy anyone she loves. The most impressive fact about the writing is that Anna does manage to turn her sick fancies into mental and emotional catastrophe. Her brooding on events which have never occurred succeeds in destroying her own present. Unhappily she is such a bore that the two hundred pages devoted to her decline and fall turn into a tour de force; the novelist has done admirably what he set out to do, but has it been worth doing it with Anna? The prose is very literary, often reading as if it had been "influenced"—and all at the same time—by "Ulysses," "Three Lives," and the early novels of Henry Green. Fortunately this murky density is relieved on occasion by writing that is direct and *un*influenced. Then, with fine economy of detail, the sights and sounds and some of the feeling of life in post-war England do come alive.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS. By George Dangerfield. Harcourt, Brace. $6. Mr. Dangerfield's study covers the eventful second and third decades of the nineteenth century. These were the years of the momentous transition between Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy. The book traces that change through a succession of sketches of critical incidents between the War of 1812 and the election of Andrew Jackson. Mr. Dangerfield writes with wit and understanding, and enlivens the work with sprightly portraits of the main characters,—J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Clay, and Calhoun. But no unifying interpretative theme ties the whole together, perhaps because the author's view of the subject is predominantly political and the basic changes of the period came in other areas.

THE BURIED LIFE. By Gordon N. Ray. Harvard. $2.75. The editor of the four-volume "Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray" here brings certain new bits of biographical evidence to bear upon a critical problem: why did Thackeray, who began with a detached, cynical, almost brutal manner, later develop that "sentimentality" which his contemporaries admired and so many moderns have been offended by? Mr. Ray's thesis is that all Thackeray's major characters are based upon actual people and that the "sentimentality," though no doubt encouraged by the taste of the times, was primarily the result of his own experience as the husband of an emotionally undeveloped woman who soon relapsed into a neurotic childishness. She furnished the model for Amelia in "Vanity Fair," and the coldness with which Amelia is finally dismissed reflects Thackeray's final disillusion with the wife whom he had tried to love. In a word Thackeray seems to overestimate the domestic virtues even in their feebler manifestations because he himself had tried to find them all-sufficient. Whatever one may think of this thesis, Mr. Ray manages to cast many bio-

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graphical side lights on various aspects of Thackeray's work. The book is expanded from lectures given before the Lowell Institute.

RUNAWAY STAR: AN APPRECIATION OF HENRY ADAMS. By Robert A. Hume. Cornell University Press. $3.75. Robert A. Hume's appreciation is testimony that he enjoyed reading and rereading Henry Adams. In it there are fresh insights into Adams's writings and acute characterization of phases of his life. After placing the man and the work and giving a rapid runover of the chronology, the author moves on to discuss the books. He gives major space, and his best pages, to the "History," the "Mont-St.-Michel," and the "Education." It is all to the good to be reminded that Adams was a first-rate writer as well as a remarkable man. But Hume looks at Henry Adams almost entirely from hindsight. His Adams is too cool, just as if he had made himself up as he went along so that in the end he would fit into Hume's image of the man who wrote the "Education." The book gives little of the sense of the violence of events that helped shape him, little of his struggles, hardly any of the agony that made, or unmade, him. He appears almost entirely in a minor key. Sadness but not anger; that is the Adams of "Runaway Star." There is always value, however, in a very personal reading of a man. Much that Hume says is just and, besides being just, stimulates thought on the subject. The book helps rescue Adams from the silent propriety of the forgotten. He should be argued over. All his pertinence then comes into view.

Films

MANNY FARBER

THE only pastime that seems to bewitch citizens lately is game-playing —quiz programs, gambling, big-time athletics—and so to please the customers Hollywood has glutted theaters with sports films. The latest crop ("Pat and Mike," "The Ring," "The Winning Team") proves that the industry continues its childish treatment of golf, tennis, and the like by concentrating on Success, casting unspectacular athletes, and using stationary camera set-ups on games that thrive on split-second relationships of movements that are a mixture of technique, personality, and accident. Of the above-mentioned films "Pat and Mike" is a Hepburn-Tracy starrer apparently created to prove that Hepburn is in a class with the Marbles and Didricksons. (With her cautiously orthodox form, Hepburn is not an explosive, highly individualized athlete whose games one enjoys watching in a two-hour film.) The second film, "The Ring," is an unpretentious job built around the novel twist of a young Mexican fighter who does nothing but lose to the rankest small-club lightweights. "The Winning Team" is about the reprobate pitcher, Grover Alexander, as rendered by a lamb-like actor, Ronald Reagan.

"Pat and Mike" is an almost charming fairy story about two subjects that give most sports writers the creeps—a female athlete and the more mercenary type of language-mangling, underworld-haunting manager. Its chief trouble is that it is packed with such long-drawn-out scenes as golfers lining up for crucial putts and carefully tapping a ball that is predestined by the script either to drop in or not to. These scenes are supposed to have you on the edge of your seat, but they look so well rehearsed and are so lacking in the unpredictable that the spectator loses interest. At one point only does Hepburn display some spontaneous sport activity: when she bangs out about six balls in one continuous blur of swinging. The story, by the Kanins, is geared to the suave, exquisite by-play of the two stars, who have done their act—the frisky, spinsterish woman in love with a lackadaisical wolfish fat man—so often they are like a romantic version of the Hope-Crosby team. Both teams depend a lot on charming the customer by acting as though they were charmed to death with each other's talents, but Hepburn and her partner tend to curdle their performance by behaving like elderly bobbysoxers who have just been necking in the rumble seat.

"The Ring" follows the dismal career of a young Mexican from a bar-room brawl by Mexican baiters to the moment a year later when he tosses his boxing togs into a neighborhood incinerator. Between the two points is an unkempt yarn that depicts a good deal of the painful effort, misdirected wilfulness, daydreaming, and heartache that go into the athletic record of a character who shouldn't be an athlete. The movie is worked out mostly with a counter-attack technique that uses all sorts of conventional movie situations but simply turns them inside out. The hero (Manuel Ruis) loses his girls and his friends when he takes up fighting; he falls in with a flashy manager who handles him with prudence and kindness; his first fight is with a poignantly untalented youngster rather than a broken-down pug; his ring earnings are offered to but turned down by his impoverished parents; he gives up fighting and then makes an inglorious

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comeback. The movie would seem more unique if it were not so apparent that the directors and actors were reversing clichés wherever they traveled. Well worth seeing for such episodes as dreary bus trips to small California fight towns, the educational depiction of a trainer's chores, the tired routine that goes on after a losing fight. The film misses a lot of punch because of an amateurish, petulant performance by its star and certain glaring mistakes: the youth is supposed to be a welterweight, but he is usually put in the ring with someone too heavy or too light for his division.

Although "Shadow in the Sky"—not a sports film—is feeble-minded on its main subject of a war psychosis, it is needle-sharp on the ambivalent behavior of kindly, primly sensitive middle-brows trying to be nice to deranged war veterans. The movie, a low-budgeted M-G-M job from the pen of the studio's most talented scripter, Ben Maddow, often looks like an ad for a suburban housing development—it is set in the clean bungalow section used in "The Next Voice" with the same wholesome couple, James Whitmore and Nancy Davis, whose acting is as standard and square as the décor. The story—whether or not an occasionally daft brother of Miss Davis should be taken out of the demoralizing atmosphere of a veterans' hospital and allowed to hallucinate under Davis's tables—pays only a stereotyped nod to the cause and character of the brother's (Ralph Meeker) illness. Somewhat like the hero of "Blind Alley," Meeker is a rugged type with a rain phobia: he turns to quivering protoplasm at the first unfavorable weather report and rushes for the protection of the nearest table. Meeker performs this business as though he were having a hard time with an embarrassingly silly parlor game, and afterward he starts shrieking with Whitmore about some vague trouble the two of them had in the war on a South Pacific isle during a rainy season. If you can make any sense out of their drivel, you have the key to Meeker's psychosis. The rest of the film is confined to nice people being catty to each other in ordinary situations, and doing it so that it is almost imperceptible—a rare accomplishment for an M-G-M movie.

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RECORD NOTES

BY ROBERT E. GARIS

Bach: Passacaglia and Fugue; Monteux with the San Francisco Symphony (Victor); an effective performance of Respighi's vulgar transcription.

Bartok: Divertimento for String Orchestra; Dorati with Minneapolis Symphony (Victor); powerfully and elegantly entertaining music; good performance.

Beethoven: Piano Sonata No. 29 ("Hammerklavier"); Petri (Columbia); performance entirely lacking in physical and stylistic energy.

Symphony No. 6 ("Pastorale"); Steinberg with Pittsburgh (Capitol); good performance by an inferior orchestra.

Brahms: Piano Quintet in F Minor; Chigi Quartet with Lorenzi (London); piano excellent, strings a bit pallid; recording very muffled.

Quartet No. 2 in A Minor; Hollywood Quartet (Capitol); a good, occasionally melodramatic performance; recording a bit shrill, noisy surfaces.

Schicksalslied; Monteux with San Francisco Symphony and Stanford University Chorus (Victor); chorus sings an abominable English translation with inappropriately collegiate tone and style.

Symphony No: 1; Weingartner with London Symphony (Columbia); Ormandy with Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia); Van Beinum with Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam (London); all good performances, Weingartner's the best, Ormandy's the best recorded.

Symphony No. 2; Weingartner with London Symphony (Columbia); excellent performance, acceptable dubbing of old 78's.

Symphony No. 3; Weingartner with London Philharmonic (Columbia); excellent performance; recording the best of these reissues.

Symphony No. 4; Weingartner with London Symphony (Columbia); excellent performance; acceptable dubbing.

Cherubini: Quartet No. 1 and Fugal Suite in D Major; Aeolian Quartet with Adeney (Lyrichord); uninteresting music in a poor performance.

Debussy: Sonata No. 3 for piano and violin; Heifetz and Bey (Victor); fair performance.

Moussorgsky: "Night on Bald Mountain," Polonaise from "Boris Godunov,"

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Entr'acte and Persian Dances from "Khovantchina"; Ludwig with Berlin Philharmonic (Urania); fair performance; recording sharp.

Mozart: Symphony No. 31 ("Paris"); Dorati with Minneapolis Symphony (Victor); performance pretty brutal throughout, especially in the slow movement.

Respighi: Sonata in B minor for violin and piano; Heifetz and Bey (Victor); million-dollar marshmallow, both music and performance.

Rimsky-Korsakov: Ballet Music from "Snow Maiden"; Ludwig with Symphony Orchestra of Radio Berlin (Urania); poor music, fair performance, recording sharp.

Schubert: Symphony No. 2; Steinberg with Pittsburgh Symphony (Capitol); good performance by an inferior orchestra.

Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished"); Steinberg with Pittsburgh Symphony (Capitol); good performance by an inferior orchestra.

Verdi: Requiem Mass; Kaye, Pirazzini, Sinimberghi, and Beuf, with Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra under Ricci (Urania); poor performance, recording badly balanced with soloists much too prominent.

"Otello"; Sarri, La Pollo, Serra, with the Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra under Paoletti (Urania); a fair performance in general, except for a very poor Desdemona, characteristic vulgarities in the other soloists; recording sharp.

"Soirée Française": a song recital of Chabrier, Debussy, Satie, and Poulenc, performed by Bernac and Poulenc (Columbia); music for the most part undistinguished; Poulenc's songs show his familiar salon instinct refined to elegant chic rather than to any real distinction; Bernac's performance mannered and insecure, occasionally embarrassing.

Music of the 12th and 13th Centuries; Pro Musica Antiqua under Cape (EMS); an excellent selection in superb performances.

Music of India, from "The River"; from the sound-track of the film (Polymusic); impressive music and performances to my inexpert ears.

[*Mr. Haggin's regular column on music and records will be resumed next week.*]

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Where Community Action Failed to Help

Dear Sirs: I have just read your fine issue of June 28, 1952, How Free Is Free? It is a real contribution to the fight, in which many of us are engaged, to retain the freedom of our thoughts. However, I noted that in The Bigots and the Professionals, Vern Countryman said: "Only concentrated community action forced the hospital trustees to reconsider their decision." Many of your readers have construed the statement to mean that Dr. Abowitz, Dr. Pennes, and I have been reinstated on the staff of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. That is not true.

In spite of concentrated community pressure and in spite of the Los Angeles Jewish Community Council's reaffirmation that personnel of Jewish institutions should not be subjected to discrimination because of political beliefs—as distinguished from political action to overthrow the government—the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital Board of Trustees has remained silent.

Los Angeles RICHARD W. LIPPMAN

Petrillo at Prades

Dear Sirs: Having myself just returned from the Casals Festival at Prades, I was pleased to find your periodical giving the occasion the appreciative comment it deserved.

One depressing piece of news made the concerts even more precious. I refer to the Petrillo action affecting foreign recordings by American artists. While the festival had a heart-warming international character, the cold fact is that our own Columbia records made it financially possible. Whether there will be a festival at all next year has now become questionable. I know that all music lovers and admirers of Casals join with me in hoping that special arrangements can be made with Petrillo to permit another Prades next year.

New York LILLIAN LEVY

Evita: Power Behind Peron

Dear Sirs: I deem it my moral duty to reveal Eva Perón's true character to the readers of *The Nation,* which has always done so much to spread the truth about the Argentine. The biographers of this woman will be inclined to stress the surprising and picturesque aspects of her life. It is easy to visualize her as a fairy-tale Cinderella and to talk of her charms, her elegance, her glamour, her jewels and fur coats. But this heroine of a best-selling novel is not the Eva Perón whom the Argentines know.

To thousands of people here she was a woman who exercised a sinister influence on the regime and was responsible for acts and decisions which brought about the moral and material bankruptcy of the Argentine.

Eva Perón was the brain and will of the gangsters who surround her husband. It was she who invented the thousand and one tricks used to defraud the public treasury, who robbed workers and employers alike under the pretext of founding a permanent social-aid fund. This fund, known as the Eva Perón Foundation, has actually been the foundation of one of the largest private fortunes of our time.

Also—and this is something more serious—Eva Perón was the inspirer and accomplice of her husband in his policy of subjugating the unions. It was she who invented the demagogic slogans and the philosophy of crude feudalistic paternalism which confused and conquered the working masses. This policy has set back the evolution of proletarian consciousness in the Argentine for many years.

There was something even worse: Eva Perón represented the spirit of vengeance, of unscrupulous violence, of cold and implacable terror, which has condemned thousands of Argentines to hunger, exile, prison, torture, and death. To her are due the first persecutions of artists, intellectuals, and politicians, whom she had hated since the days when she was an unsuccessful actress. A mere order from her was enough to doom these people to starvation.

It was she who, with the easy and condescending cooperation of her husband, attacked the unions, overcame the resistance of the old leaders, used the police to break up strikes, and filled the jails with hundreds of militant workers.

Her political crimes have been so great that there is no need to enter into her private life in order to see her as she lived and governed. That aspect

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of her life would provide material for a different kind of novel. But her private conduct had political repercussions, for she did not know how to treat with proper respect the man who, in addition to being her husband, was the President of his country. She extolled the General in her public speeches, but in the circle of their intimates she treated him with a remarkable absence of esteem.

She had a talent for simulating before the masses ideals, fervors, and passions which she did not feel. All that really interested her was money and power. She was a force; but it was a primitive force, created and motivated by evil. Upon her tomb the Argentines would write—if they could: "Love was unknown to her."

Buenos Aires FERMIN GONZALEZ

[*Fermin Gonzalez is the pseudonym of a distinguished Argentine journalist and former political leader.*]

PERSONALS

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The Hiss Appeal: A Biased Judge

Dear Sirs: As a Christian, Republican, and American I wish to protest against the rejection of Alger Hiss's appeal. Judge Goddard should have disqualified himself from deciding the case of a man whom he had long previously judged guilty. His conduct of the hearing was tyrannical and emotional; his refusal to hear witnesses or subpoena vital evidence smacks more of someone fearing to uncover the truth than of an impartial public servant.

Hayesville, Ohio ROGER N. PARVIES

The Ballot: A Way Out

Dear Sirs: Confronted with the fact that there is no longer any real difference between the Democratic and Republican parties and that their program doesn't offer a solution to the problems before this country today, I have switched my allegiance to the Progressive Party.

The Progressive Party is against the bipartisan foreign policy. The people need not choose among candidates, measuring in each case: how much or how little war does this man want? how much peace? with what restrictions? The Progressive Party candidates are against war, and for peace, honest dealings among nations, and unobstructed trade. . . .

The Progressives have stood out against anti-Communists. How many Communist adherents they have I do not know. They could have gained in popularity and "security" by abjuring them but have preferred to be smeared rather than to smear. . . .

Their organization has the advantage of being young and poor. This keeps it free from the dictatorship of seniority and wealth, from gold diggers and place seekers. . . .

It has good candidates for office, "none but the brave," who are informed, skilful, democratically minded, and bold. They are men of experience with the hopefulness of people who have sensed, like Bill Pomeroy, "a temper in the air of social change and development."

It has a good journal of opinion and information, staggering under financial difficulties but always presenting expertly the front and back-stage movements of our time. . . . The *Guardian's* circulation is cruelly limited. People who want its information very much do not dare to accept it in the mail, because reading it leaves them open to imputations of disloyalty. . . .

Because the rank and file of the Progressive Party are under persecution, they know what is going on today. They know all about freedom of assembly, as they search, with one rebuff after another, for a hall in which to hold a meeting, as friends withdraw their support because of a husband's business or a wife's occupation. They know about freedom of speech, of association, of residence. Today intimidation is far more widespread than in 1948 when it seriously reduced the Wallace vote. In fact, you cannot with good conscience blame any man with a family or any woman with dependents for not joining the Progressive Party. All you can hope for is that thousands who feel under constraint about present-day conditions will feel free to vote constructively in November. For the great merit of the Progressive Party is that it affords an opportunity to make a change in the personnel and policies of our government by ballot. We must all be alarmed as we think what other forms of change might take place as the tensions in our society grow stronger. . . . Our one defense against chaos or a fascist-style society lies in the continuance of free elections. Intimidation and corruption are strong, but the secret ballot offers a way out.

Palo Alto, Cal. ALICE HILL BYRNE

That Special Issue

Dear Sirs: Your special issue of June 28 (How Free Is Free?) constitutes a carefully documented report to the nation. So compelling is its mass of facts that the widest possible use should be made for them. Implicit in the nature of the articles is a call to action.

I suggest that clubs dedicated to the preservation of our liberties be established. The first textbook might well be this number of *The Nation.*

Brooklyn FELIX SPER

CORRECTION: In the issue of June 7 Joseph C. Harsch was identified as Paris correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* and as having covered Eisenhower from the time he first took up his duties as Supreme Commander of NATO. Mr. Harsch has never served as the Paris correspondent of the *Christain Science Monitor* nor was he in Europe during the greater part of Eisenhower's tenure as Supreme Commander. —EDITORS THE NATION.

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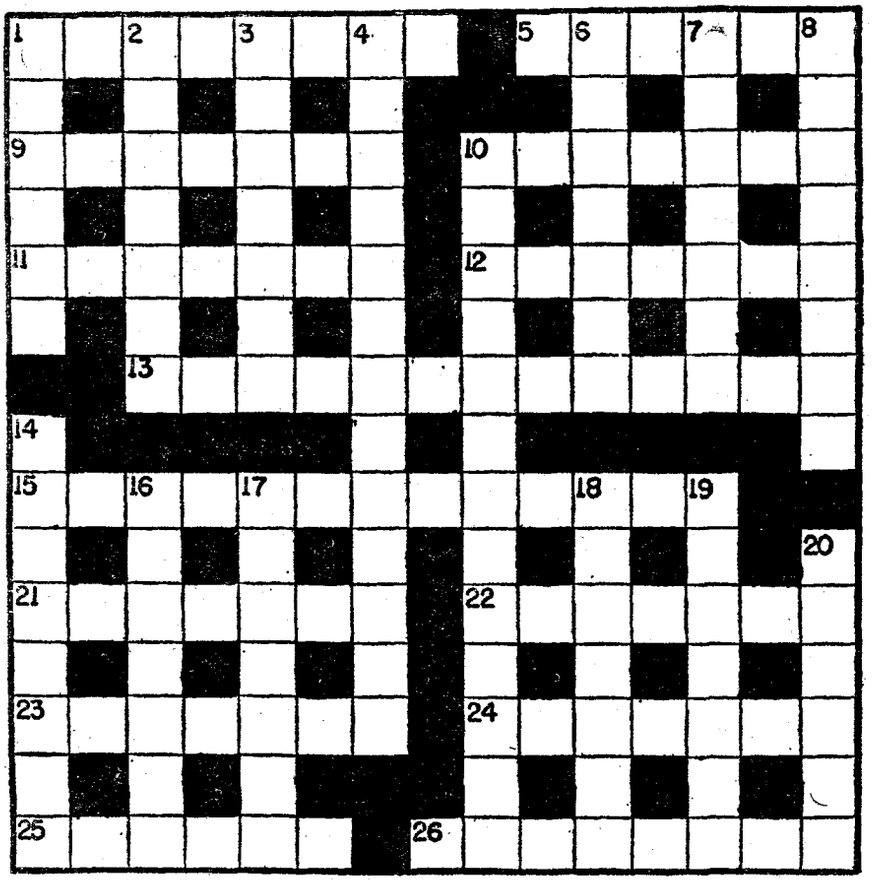
Crossword Puzzle No. 477

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Drags around his broken but useful kitchen helpers. (8)
5 Duct; otherwise its pitch might make you 7. (6)
9 She was a gifted woman, but her opening day was unfortunate. (7)
10 Veins, perhaps, but not in the sense that 5 might be vein. (7)
11 Certainly not found at the bottom of the trunk. (What a peculiar place to go for a rock!) (7)
12 Bad on both sides of the capital of Washington? (Evidently Shakespeare wasn't feeling well.) (3-4)
13 Damage marks the weapons or sailors' implements. (13)
15 Placing mustard, for example as essential parts of the course. (7, 6)
21 Train, perhaps, to do the light fantastic? (7)
22 Broken as a drum takes part in the raid. (7)
23 Island extract. (7)
24 Exit passage, or summary thereof? (7)
25 It has its point when allowed to come to a boil. (6)
26 Sects and accompanying figures. (8)

DOWN

1 Posted in out-of-the-way stations. (6)
2 "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the —." (Milton) (7)
3 Does one catch the rest of the perch? (7)
4 Wrestling club? The hold might be due to a fluke. (9, 4)
6 If you can make your own, it's either atavism or good muscular control, but useful in cold weather. (7)
7 See 5 across. (7)
8 Certainly no sign of "tilt"; in fact, no inclination at all. (8)
10 Does it need the best modern oil to make it slip? (5, 8)
14 Sort of puts on airs for a top-flight kind of maid. (8)
16 Dry in the 30's? (7)
17 Even the disobedient sometimes obeys this. (7)
18 Wandering like a rodent entrapped by the Red. (7)
19 A lizard might come out as I run a different way. (7)
20 They might be expected to put us in our place. (6)

★

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 476

ACROSS:—1 OUTGROWING; 6 SHAD; 10 PANACEA; 11 GEHENNA; 12 GOOD NIGHT NURSE; 14 AUSPICES; 15 EDITOR; 16 and 21 down CREDIT UNIONS; 18 SAPREMIA; 22 FORTUNE TELLERS; 25 INDITED; 26 BAYS; 27 ASPERSIONS.

DOWN:—1 OPPUGNANCY; 2 TENDONS; 3 RECONCILIATION; 4 WRANGLE; 5 NEGATE; 7 HANDSET; 8 and 24 DEAD AS A DODO; 9 SHOULDER BLADES; 13 BROADSIDES; 17 EXOGAMY; 19 ASTRIDE; 20 MAESTRO; 23 BARB.

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